

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848.

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TO MARIETTA ALBONI.

SONG has two spells,—the one a heavenly birth,
That carries with its strong and upward flight,
As with an eagle's clutch and wing of might,
The panting spirit far beyond the earth.
It sweeps the skies, and belts the star-paved girth
Of that broad road where travel day and night;
Sublime and unapproachable delight,
Measureless sadness or Titanic mirth.
The other lowlier yet not less divine,
A child of love and laughter, smile and tear,
Softly or sadly fans the soul to sleep;
A rapture not so boundless though more deep;
A joy less mighty yet a bliss more dear;—
And such, sweet voice, the song whose spell is thine. C. R.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE opening night of the season, originally fixed for Tuesday, was, owing to sundry unavoidable circumstances, postponed until Thursday. The house was crowded in every part, but unfortunately some of the subscribers who had not clearly understood that their privileges had been transferred to Thursday (generally a non-subscription night), in consequence of the postponement, were absent on the occasion, which left several boxes empty that would otherwise have been full. Nevertheless, the appearance of the house was animated and brilliant, and we never saw excitement more visibly depicted on the faces of an audience. All the *dilettantisme* of London was present in the full pride of its dilettantship; and musicians of eminence were perceptible in every corner. The critics of the press were there in strong array; but some of them, and those not the least important, were observed wandering about, seatless, like the ghosts of unthroned kings. This was a strange oversight on the part of the new directorate, an oversight that must be speedily rectified; for the good-will of the press is of infinite consequence to the prosperity of the undertaking. We recommend the whole of this department being placed under the superintendence of Mr. Gye, an able *homme d'affaires*, who understands these matters well, whose manners are urbane and conciliating, and whose attachment to the *corps* is likely to be highly advantageous to the establishment. He would see to these arrangements, which are of moment, and then, with the assistance of his principal officer, Mr. Pouteau, (superintendent and inspector) whose politeness and attention to visitors is worthy all commendation, and whose management of the whole of the business of the front of the house has given such universal satisfaction, no mistakes could possibly arise, and D. R., of the *Musical World* (who found no place on Thursday night to rest his foot), with other distinguished representatives of the press, who were equally unaccommodated, would, at least for the future, be comfortably seated, if not in a box at least in a stall, or if not in a stall at least in a reserved amphitheatric chair—or at the worst, on the most crowded nights, in an apportioned spot in the pit or gallery. *Verbum*

sat—we shall say no more of this at present, sure that our hint will not be lost upon those for whom it is intended.

The performances of the evening included Rossini's opera of *Tancredi*, and a new ballet, in three tableaux, called *Follette, ou la Reine des Feu-follets*.

Tancredi was produced in 1813, during the carnival of Venice, at the *Teatro della Fenice*. It was Rossini's ninth opera. In that and the previous year he produced no less than nine. Anterior to the *Tancredi*, none of Rossini's operas created a great sensation. The *Inganno Felice* and the *Pietro del Paragone* were, however, favourably received. These, and perhaps the *Demetrio e Polibio*, evidenced, in some respects, the fertile genius of the composer. Rossini was 21 when *Tancredi* was written. Its success surpassed that of any work that had been produced in Italy within the recollection of the oldest opera-goer. It set all Venice frantic—so say reports. From the patrician to the gondolier, everybody was humming, "Mi rivedrai, ti rivedro." In the courts of law the judges were compelled to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly singing "Di tanti palpiti." The musical *dilettanti* expressed their opinion, that Cimarosa was restored to them "with a peculiar charm and a freshness, &c., &c., &c."

Tancredi was produced in London for the first time, we believe, in 1817—Madame Bellocchi playing the *hero*. But Pasta was the great *Tancredi*, about 1825 or 1826. Malibran was also a celebrated representative of the part; and Pauline Garcia assumed it during her first engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre—Persiani being then the *Amenaide*, and Mario the *Argiro*. Brambilla was the last *Tancredi* at Her Majesty's Theatre; since she gave it up the opera has been shelved.

It would be superfluous to enter upon an analysis of an opera which has stood the test of five-and-thirty years. We shall not therefore attempt it. Its effect upon ourselves, however, may be briefly summed up. We have always regarded *Tancredi* as one of the coldest inspirations of Rossini. The melodies are frank and unlaboured, and retain their freshness even now; the style is generally easy, graceful, and brilliant; but there is a want of geniality throughout; the ideas are indicated often beautifully, but are seldom thoroughly well developed. Of course there are many exceptions to the prevalent coldness, and some of Rossini's happiest pieces in a simple style are scattered through the opera; but these do not redeem its general want of interest and almost total absence of warmth. And yet *Tancredi* was the indication of the awakening of that genius which afterwards created *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*.

The book of *Tancredi* owes its origin to Voltaire's tragedy of *Tancred*, the denouement of which is materially altered, whereby it has been made materially less tragic. Instead of separation and death, we have long life and a wedding behind the scenes. The loves and misfortunes of Tancred and *Amenaide*, the wars of the Syracusans and the Moors are familiar to everybody; and if they are not, they ought to be;

and if they ought to be, and yet are not, why should we take the trouble to enlighten people who will not be enlightened? Moreover, we have no time to spare, and again moreover the subject is a dull one. Voltaire's *Tancredi* is Voltaire's least Voltairian—in other words, most dull tragedy; and were it not for the inspired Rachel, who infuses soul into the soulless Amenaide, nobody would be able to sit it out. It has long been consigned to the shelves as a matter of history—where, if we be not mistaken, Rossini's score will shortly follow it.

The performance of *Tancredi*, by the Royal Italian Opera, taking the very important accessories of chorus and orchestra into consideration, was the most complete and effective we have heard. We avail ourselves of the article in the *Morning Post*—correcting one material error—to give the London casts of 1837, 1841, and 1848:—

1837.				
Tancredi	Madame Pasta.
Orbazzano	Signor Tamburini.
Argirio	Signor Rubini.
Amenaide	Madame Albertazzi.
1841.				
Tancredi	Madame Pauline Garcia.
Orbazzano	Signor Righini
Argirio	Signor Mario.
Amenaide	Madame Persiani.
Isaura	Mlle. E. Nunn.
1848.				
Tancredi	Mlle. Alboni.
Orbazzano	Signor Polonini.
Argirio	Signor Luigi Mei.
Amenaide	Madame Persiani.
Isaura	Madame Bellini.

It will be at once avowed that the cast of 1837 was the strongest; but the infinite superiority of the present orchestra and chorus, to say nothing of the incomparable splendor and appropriateness of the *mise en scene*, more than makes up for the difference.

But now to actual matters—matters of immediate interest. The appearance of Signor Costa in the orchestra was the signal for a loud and long-continued burst of applause. The following orchestral arrangements have been judiciously adopted by the indefatigable conductor. We use the words of the *Times*:—

"The orchestra, though unusually strong last year, has been rendered still more efficient. It now numbers 86. The additions are chiefly in the stringed department, which confers increased mellowness on the general effect. The violins are now, for the most part, concentrated in two large bodies on each side of the conductor. The violoncellos are separated from the tenors, and play out of the books of the double-basses. The former is a wise alteration; the latter a restoration of an ancient custom—valuable, since it insures the uninterrupted progress of that important part of a score entrusted to the basses, which are not now inconvenienced by the "turns-over," as was frequently observable last season."

The overture—which was erst the delight of our young days, though it has now lost all its pristine charms—was executed to admiration, and encored with enthusiasm. The violins in the *allegro* were as "one instrument" (to borrow the expression of our great cotemporary), and in the *FFmo* passages the wind instruments, powerful as they were, failed to detract from their power. This excellence was carried out by the orchestra through the entire opera, and the efforts of the chorus, which is yet stronger and more effective than it was last year, seconded the band to admiration.

Of the *prime donne* Madame Persiani first made her appear-

ance, and was welcomed by a hearty round of applause—thrice repeated. We have seldom heard this accomplished and extraordinary singer in better voice, or with her astonishing facility in florid embellishment more entirely at her command. Her first air, "Come dolce all' alma mia," a fresh and charming melody, was vocalised to perfection, especially the *cabaletta*, in which she introduced a variety of *floriture* of the most graceful kind, with an ease that was perfectly surprising; in the *largo* the ornaments she introduced gave one the impression that her voice was a mechanical instrument rather than a human organ; they were, perhaps, more wonderful than agreeable, but the impression they produced upon the audience was immense. In the duets, in the prayer, "Giusto ciel," and in the last air, *a tre*, Made. Persiani was equally entitled to admiration, an occasional sharpness of intonation being the only fault of which we find it necessary to speak. The *cabaletta* of Pacini, which Made. Persiani tacked on to the prayer, was, however, in bad taste; the composition itself is worthless, and though elaborately adorned, presented no kind of charm to musical ears. It was received, however, with tremendous applause.

The hero of Rossini's *Tancredi* could hardly be supposed to suit Alboni's powers. If we call to mind that Malibran produced but little effect in the part; that Pauline Garcia's representation awakened no enthusiasm; that Brambilla was received with a feeling akin to frigidity, we shall then understand why Alboni created no positive *furor*, and why the auditors, who anticipated an extraordinary amount of excitement, were, to a certain extent, disappointed. A genius like Pasta's only could render *Tancredi* dramatically great. There was something masculine in that artiste's powers—a characteristic which seems necessary to embody the part of *Tancredi*. To this Alboni's genius is decidedly opposed. Although compelled to undertake male characters, her powers, both dramatic and vocal, are cast in too soft a mould to befit her so stern impersonations. We had no doubt that Alboni in *Tancredi* would not have been the Alboni to whom in *Semiramide* *Barbieri*, *L'Italiana*, *Lucrezia*, *Borgia*, *Gazza Ladra*, or *Donna del Lago*, we listened with such unqualified delight last year; and were by no means impressed with the wisdom involved in the announcement of her name for *Tancredi*. The *Tancredi* of the celebrated contralto, however, is so full of undoubted beauties that it cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of the general audience, if not their rapturous acclamations; while to the more learned hearer it must convey delight no less deep and beautiful than when he drank in the strains of Arsace, or Malcolm Græme. The opening recitative, the never-to-be-forgotten "O patria dolce," was as magnificent a specimen of pure vocalisation as ever we heard; and why the house did not respond to it enthusiastically we cannot imagine. We are inclined to agree with the majority of our contemporaries, who attribute an unaccountable degree of languor to Alboni's singing in the "Di tanti palpiti;" these, one and all, refer the cause to illness. This may or may not be true—we still cling to our first position, that the part of *Tancredi* is not suited to the singer; and now believe that the languishment arose from a want of sympathy with the part, which deprived her of all that ardent impetuosity which is incontestably so great a charm in her performances. That it was not illness which affected her singing, every successive effort on the part of the vocalist satisfactorily demonstrated. Her intonation was as perfect as ever; her tone as exquisitely pure and beautiful, and her execution as unerring and finished. All this proved that she had to contend against no physical enemy. We may confi-

dently assert that Alboni never sang better than she did on Thursday night, in several parts of *Tancredi*. Let us take for instance, her recitative in the second act, "Ove son io," than which it were preposterous to look for more splendid vocalisation. Again, in the aria, "Perche turbare," how delightfully she exhibited all the charms of her style, and all the graces of her art! Could any thing be more astonishingly accurate than the execution of the composer's difficult passages in this cavatina, or more thoroughly finished than her phrasing? In the duet with Amenaide, "Lasciami non t'ascolto," nothing whatsoever betokened the slightest lapse of power. More exquisite singing never came from human lips. The pathos infused into the *legato* movements must have touched the heart of every sensible listener, while the delicacy and purity of the *sotto voce* displayed consummate mastery of the vocal art. It is needless to adduce further examples. Alboni, though she achieved no popular triumph in *Tancredi*, has yet, in our estimation, elevated herself a step higher in the temple of art, by convincing the world how superlative her powers must be when she has won applause from the mass, and estimation from the critic, in a part which proved *caviare* to Malibran, a stumbling-block to Pauline Garcia, and an Olympus to Brambilla; and which no one but she who was the greatest tragic genius that ever adorned the lyric boards, could embody with power and effect.

Signor Luigi Mei has a good strong voice, and articulates with emphasis; but as yet he appears to us but a rough diamond. His share in the duet with Alboni, "Ah si de mali miei," was not wanting in vigor, but it was certainly wanting in finish.

Signor Polonini was as good and efficient an Orbazzano as could possibly have been found. Both in the concerted music and in his solos he was remarkable for being careful and effective. His voice is a fine one, and his method good; he is moreover a zealous artist, and cannot fail to arrive at eminence in his profession.

Mad. Bellini, as Isaura, was as unobtrusive and as irrepachable as usual.

The efficacy of the chorus was proved wherever it was in request, but nowhere more triumphantly than in the chorus of the last scene, "Regna il terrore," where all the power and quality of the male voices, especially the basses, were marvellously exemplified.

Tancredi having been written for a small and incomplete orchestra, Signor Costa hazarded the experiment of adding to and modifying the instrumentation. The good effect produced warrants what might otherwise have been considered unwarrantable. The recitatives are indisputably improved by the adoption of orchestral accompaniments, in place of the ragged combination of violoncello and pianoforte which is so monotonous a characteristic of the old Italian operas. Moreover, the manner in which the score has been handled proves Signor Costa to be a complete master of instrumentation. As examples of his skill we may cite the duet in the first act, for *Tancredi* and Amenaide, "L'aura che in torno spira," and the introductory symphony in the last scene of the opera, both of which are treated with the hand of a master.

At the end of the opera, Madame Persiani, Mdle. Alboni, and Signor Mei appeared before the curtain.

The scenery was magnificent. Grieves has done his best; and it would be difficult to imagine a finer piece of scenic effect than the precipice and mountain torrent of the concluding *tableau*, with the rough bridge projected boldly over its leap, along which the Syracusan warriors pass in their search

for *Tancredi*. Such a scene would alone be enough to establish the reputation of its painter, unsupported even by any of the marvels to which the facile pencil and invention of Mr. Grieves has previously given birth.

The costumes and all the other accessories of the *mise en scene* were costly and appropriate.

After the Opera, the National Anthem was sung by the whole company—Madame Persiani, Mdle. Alboni, and Mdle. N. N. singing the solos. The applause with which this was followed was deafening. We never heard a verse of "God Save the Queen" so splendidly sung by any foreigner as the verse allotted to Alboni was sung by that Queen of Contraltos.

We can spare but few words this week for the new ballet. It is the invention of Signor Appiani, the *Maitre-de-Ballet* and is entitled *Follette, ou la Reine des Feux-follets*. The music, by Signor Biletta, has considerable claims to notice, the melodies being rhythmical and pretty, and the instrumentation clever. The story upon which the ballet is founded, may be thus considerably abridged:—Follette, the daughter of Flammette, Queen of the Fireflies, is beloved by Auriozel,—we presume another Firefly. Overcome in her sport however, by a sudden storm, she accepts the protection of Carlo, a young nobleman of that mysterious country to which the royalty and nobility of the ballet usually belong. When in the chateau of Carlo, Auriozel follows her, and ultimately rescues her from the temptations of the human lover, to whom she was about to succumb, by preserving the talisman given her by Flammette of which Carlo was about to deprive her.

Madame Flora Fabbri, who was of course the Follette of the evening, did full justice to the part, both choregraphically and pantomimically. In the first *tableau*, she executed a *pas de deux* with M. Bretin (Carlo), her husband, in which she danced herself into the hearts and good graces of all who were sufficiently enthusiastic admirers of the ballet; in the second *tableau*, the scene with "the Ages, Caprices and Passions," she established her powers of miming in a favourable light; and lastly, the third *tableau* ("the park of the Chateau, during a nocturnal fête"), a *pas*, called *La Friulaise*, brought out her perfection as a mistress of the *pas de genre*, which depends more for its effect upon general manner than on the accomplishments of foot and ankle, which sometimes come only with those maturer years that rob the choregraph of her best charms. She was applauded throughout, and, in spite of the somewhat lengthy duration of the ballet, which will without doubt be cut down considerably before it is again represented, achieved the usual *succes de bouquets* desired on such occasions. She was well supported by M. Bretin, a dancer of very great talent, equally remarkable for agility and manliness.

A new dancer, Mdle. Leopoldine Brussi, from Vienna, made a great impression upon the audience, both from her pretty face, which fame has not belied, and her graceful talent. Her *pas de deux* with M. Silvain was highly effective, and won great applause. M. Silvain is one of the most unexceptionable male dancers we have seen—quiet, unobtrusive, and graceful. Nor was the *corps de ballet* lacking in style or training.

The arrangement of the groups, and the various intermediate dances were in excellent taste. The scenery was splendid, and the costumes picturesque and appropriate.

The ballet was completely and deservedly successful.

It was past one hour after midnight before the performances terminated. As they will be repeated to-night we shall recur to them again next week, and then specify many points that have escaped us in the hurry of the present notice.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

NOTHING new has been produced since we had the pleasure of recording the success of the *Barbiere*, at this establishment. On Saturday the *Ermani*, and on Tuesday the before-named opera were repeated. In each, custom, use, and habit had contributed to mellow the singers in their parts; and the orchestra and chorus did full justice to the efforts of the principal artists. The ballet followed, and Rosati and Marie Taglioni as usual danced themselves into the favor of the audience, and received the well-deserved applause of their admirers.

ARISTOTLE ON POETRY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED, FROM THE EDITION OF F. RITTER.

(Continued from Page 149.)

CHAPTER XIV.

I. Now that which is terrible and pitiable may arise from the spectacle, or, from the very composition of the incidents, which *latter* is best, and belongs to the better poet. For even without being actually seen, a fable ought to be constructed, so that he who *only* hears the incidents shudders and feels pity at what has occurred. This would take place if any one heard the fable of *Œdipus*,

II. But the preparation of this by means of spectacle is less artistical and requires expensive decoration. And those who, by means of spectacle, do not prepare the terrible, but only the marvellous, have nothing in common with tragedy. For not every pleasure ought to be sought from tragedy, but only that which is proper to it.

III. Since then the poet ought to produce pleasure from pity, and terror by means of imitation, it is manifest that this ought to proceed from the incidents themselves. Let us then consider among the things that occur what are terrible and what are pitiable,

IV. It is necessary that such actions take place between those who are friends, or enemies, or neither. If now an enemy kills an enemy, he does not exhibit anything pitiable, either when doing or about to do the deed, beyond what arises from the suffering itself. The same arises when the parties are indifferent. But when calamities arise amid friendships—as when a brother kills or is about to kill his brother, a son his father, a mother her son, or a son his mother, or perpetrate anything of the kind—these are the incidents to be sought.

V. The received fables, therefore, are not to be essentially altered, as, for instance, in the deaths of Clytemnestra by Orestes, and of Eriphile by Alcæon. But the poet ought himself to invent, and to use the traditional subjects rightly. What we mean by “rightly” we will more clearly explain.

VI. The actions may take place, after the manner of the ancient poets, with knowing and intentional agents, as indeed, even Euripides (*a*) represented Medea killing her children. It may likewise be done by those who are ignorant that they are doing anything horrible, and then make the discovery of the connection between themselves and the injured person afterwards, like the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. This indeed takes place beyond the limits of this drama (*b*) but instances may occur within the tragedy itself, as with the Alcæon of Astydamos, or Telegonus in the “*Ulysses wounded*.”

VII. A third case arises, in addition to these, when one who is going to perpetrate, through ignorance, some inexplicable deed, makes a discovery before he commits it. And there is no other case besides these, for it is necessary either

to do or to leave undone, and for the parties to be either knowing or not knowing. But of these, the case when he who knows is about to commit the act, and does not actually do so, is the worst. For it has something wicked about it, and yet is not tragic, since it has no suffering, “therefore no one acts in this way, except very rarely, as Hæmon to Creon in the *Antigone*” (*c*); the second case is that of *actual* perpetration (*d*).

VIII. But it is better for him who does not know to perpetrate this deed, and to make this discovery, where he has done it. For there is nothing wicked, and the discovery is striking.

IX. But the best case is the last; I mean, as when, in the tragedy of “*Cresphontes*,” Merope is about to kill her son, and does not kill him, but recognizes him; and as when, in the “*Iphigenia*” the sister discovers her brother, and as when in the “*Helle*,” the son discovers his mother, who is about to betray him. From this reason, therefore, tragedies are not concerning many families. For it was not by art but by chance, that those who sought learned to contrive something of the sort in fables. They are, therefore, compelled to have recourse to those families in which such calamities have taken place.

X. Concerning the construction of the incidents, and what fables ought to be, enough has been said.

NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR:

(a) The word “even” is used because Euripides was a recent author.

(b) As for instance, before the play begins, which is the case with the death of Læus.

(c) The reference to *Antigone* is to be rejected as spurious. If the incident be that which occurs in the play of Sophocles, it is not important enough to be cited as belonging to the construction of fable. There was, however, an *Antigone* by Euripides, which is lost.

(d) He is here dwelling on the merits of the cases previously mentioned, and the perpetration here named doubtless means, “with knowledge.” A little difficulty arises above, from the circumstance that when Aristotle has limited the possible cases to three, he immediately adduces a fourth. It will be observed, however, that this fourth case is at once rejected as untragic.

SONNET.

NO. LX XVI.

IF I retrace the progress of my life,¹
Recalling ev'ry change through many years,
One long dark stream to mem'ry reappears,
With soul-bred griefs and secret horrors rife;—
A story of a little inward strife;
A sorrow that speaks not in sighs or tears;
A gloomy train of dreamy hopes and fears,
That ever seem to shriek for bowl or knife.
Are there no means the malady to cure?
Or is it rooted in my heart of hearts,
Which is at once its parent and its prey?
So that my only fate is to endure—
To wait till each sharp agony departs;
To watch, 'mid countless clouds, one transient ray. N. D.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DURING the long interval since the last article appeared under this head, there has been but little to interest the readers of the *Musical World* in our musical proceedings. The first week in 1848, brought down M. Jullien, with a select band, and Miss Dolby, as his vocal star. He drew an immense assemblage on the evenings of the 4th and 18th January, to his promenade concerts, at the Free Trade Hall; it is said

that on each occasion not fewer than 5000 persons were present. Sorry are we to learn of his being so far from reaping a like success in his bold, his spirited, nay, gigantic undertaking at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Is there some fatality connected with our great national theatres, that every *impresario*, who undertakes their management, should be reduced to the verge of bankruptcy? There may have been a good deal of clap-trap about M. Jullien, but who can blame him if he finds that nothing without it will attract the multitude? Who, besides M. Jullien, could have made the promise-made concerts so pre-eminently successfully as he has done? We can heartily forgive him all his clap-trap, all his gongs, castanets, and gunpowder, *et hoc genus omne*, since he has done so much, by the careful and gradual introduction of more classical *matériel*—the compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c.—to improve the taste of the many; consequently we are sincere well wishers to M. Jullien, and hope he may soon emerge from his present embarrassments. The Hargreaves Choral Society held their third concert on the 13th January. It was one of those styled a miscellaneous sacred—a sort of concert that we cannot admire (it was not on that account, however, that we did not assist at its performance). As we can only speak of it from hearsay, we shall say little about it. Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Parsons, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Machin, were the principals. They none of them, we believe, created a *furor*, neither was there a decided *fiasco*; still it was not up to the standard of the former concerts of the society, and was much indebted to the chorus for its partial success. The next musical matter of any note was the lecture of J. L. Hatton, Esq., on the music of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, at our Mechanics' Institute, a worthy lecture on a fruitful theme; unfortunately too vast to be treated as the lecturer evidently could have wished, in a course of two lectures only, each of something less than two hours, inclusive of illustrations. It is a marvel how so exhaustless a subject should have been condensed at all into such a space. Mr. Hatton did wonders with it, and his well known taste was shewn in the highly interesting illustrations (chiefly instrumental), in which the lecturer was most ably assisted by Messrs. Seymour (violin), and Thorley (violincello).

A daring effort has since been made here by a young and promising artist of the name of Glover—no less than the production of an entire oratorio, entitled *Jerusalem*. It is spoken of as a work of considerable merit, if not so successful as it is bold; but we must hear it, and to better advantage, before giving a more detailed report. On Monday, the 21st of February, Thalberg made his appearance in Manchester, after an absence of some years, at a concert at the Concert Hall, the Miss Williams, their brother, and a Signor Ciabatta, doing the vocal honours. Thalberg was the star, and proved he could shine with undiminished lustre, in spite of the dazzling galaxy of meteors that have, from time to time, appeared to astonish us, by doing all sorts of impossibilities, with two hands, on a grand pianoforte. On Thursday, the 24th, the fourth concert of the Hargreaves took place, and, as will be seen from the subjoined programme, was a miscellaneous secular one:—

PART I.

Overture, "Fidelio"	Beethoven.
Chorus (Semiramide), "Belus we celebrate"	Rossini.
Aria (I. Puritani), "Qui la voce," Miss Stewart	Bellini.
Duet (Joan of Arc), "O'er shepherd pipe," Miss Duval and Mr. W. H. Seguin	Balfe.
Glee, "'Twas in the dark and dismal hour," (full choir, Soli, Mr. W. H. Seguin)	Clifton.

Aria (Mitrane), "Ah! rendimi quel core," Miss Duval	Rossi, 1686.
Aria (Maometto Secondo), "Sorgete, Sorgete," Mr. W. H. Seguin	Rossini.
Duet, "Ye spotted snakes," Miss Stewart	Mendelssohn
and Miss Duval, and Chorus	
Chorus, "Through this house"	
March, "Wedding March"	Mendelssohn

PART II.

Overture, "Der Freischütz"	Weber.
Chorus (Antigone), "Fair Semele's high-born son"	Mendelssohn
Air (Athalie), "Ah, canst thou but prove me," Mr. W. H. Seguin	Handel.
Air, "One gentle heart," Miss Stewart	Wallace.
German Glee, "May Day," (full Choir)	Muller.
Song, "The first violet," Miss Duval	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "Oh, wert thou," Miss Stewart and Miss Duval	Mendelssohn.
Madrigal, "To love I wake the silver string," (double Choir)	Webbe.
Trio, "Vadasi via di qua," Miss Stewart, Miss Duval, and Mr. W. H. Seguin	Martini.
Chorus, and Cavatina (Maid of Honour), "Hark, it is the queen," Miss Stewart	Balfe.

The three principal vocalists—Miss Stewart, Miss Duval, and Mr. W. H. Seguin—although well known names in London, were new to the Hargreaves Society. It gives us unfeigned pleasure to record their debut a most successful one. The first part of the concert passed off quietly, the music selected being of a character not likely, however efficiently rendered, to excite any enthusiastic applause. The following pieces deserved favourable mention: The opening chorus from Semiramide, most spiritedly given both by band and chorus; "Qui la Voce," by Miss Stewart; "'Twas in the dark and dismal hour," Clifton's fine glee, by Mr. Seguin and Chorus (this was a marvellous performance, and, but for its length, would have been encored); and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, with its truly gorgeous Wedding March. The second part, although not perhaps so much to our taste, was more popular and better understood by the general body of the audience, for which reason, the unwonted occurrence of four successive encores can alone be accounted for; and here we may remark, that in the first part, each of the three English vocalists chose to appear in an Italian song. For our own part, we may make no objection to this; but is it good policy in them? Miss Stewart made quite a hit in Wallace's song, and was warmly encored. The German glee, from Ewer's "Orpheus," was awarded a like honour, for the matchless glee singing by members of our Hargreaves choir; Miss Duval, ditto, ditto, for her chaste style and fervent delivery of Mendelssohn's beautiful song about the Violet; the two ladies, ditto, ditto, for their delightful warbling in the immortal composer's pretty little duet (poor Mendelssohn! he was as happy in the composition of trifles as in his great works); and then, to show the good humour and satisfaction of the auditory, Martini's laughing trio was actually encored twice, the second encore being occasioned by a sort of impromptu and unrehearsed effect given to the second performance by the chorus joining in the musical laughter, which so tickled the audience that they must have it a third time, and they had it. Miss Stewart again gave great satisfaction in the cavatina from the *Maid of Honour*, which formed part of the finale. She has quite established herself a favourite on this, her first appearance, at the Hargreaves Concerts. Her engagement, and that of Miss Duval, and Mr. Seguin, reflect great credit on the committee. Mr. Seymour's admirable leading, Mr. Waddington's labours as conductor, and still more, his unseen labours in bringing his choir to such perfection, deserve all praise. The Hall was very nearly full, in spite of the very unfavourable weather, and the concert passed off most successfully. The next, we see, is fixed for April 6.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE first concert of the season by the pupils of this Institution took place on Saturday morning, in the presence of a very full audience, among whom were the Countess of Mansfield, the Marquis of Aylesbury, Ladies Murray, Freeman, Clarke, Campbell, Sir George Clarke, Sir John Campbell, &c. &c. The commencement of the programme was devoted to parts of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; the remainder consisted of a miscellaneous vocal and instrumental selection. The band and chorus were on the scale to which we have been accustomed for some years—not exactly what ought to be looked for at the hands of the Royal Academy of Music, but in number and efficiency decidedly respectable. Mr. Lucas, the conductor, and M. Sainton, principal violin, filled their respective offices as well as they could be filled, and lent increased weight to the orchestral arrangements. The selection from *Elijah* was made with a strange disregard for the composer's plan. The overture, and seven or eight pieces from the first part, were succeeded by a trio for violin, violoncello, and contra-basso, by Handel, which, in its turn was followed by an unconnected series of pieces from the second part. In the first part the fine choruses of the Baalite priests were cut down to the single one in F. "Baal, we cry to thee," followed by the air, "Woe unto them," in E minor, and afterwards by the grand final chorus, "Thanks be to God," in E flat, and F, E minor, and E flat, in alternate succession:—a violation of the relative conditions of keys which would have shocked the ears of the fastidious Mendelssohn, and proceeding from an academical institution, calls for severe reprehension. If the masters set such an example in face of the rules set down in authorised books and canons, what can be expected from the pupils? The second part was equally to be noted for indifference to the composer's design. The execution of the fragments was, however, creditable on the whole, although the soloists, with one or two exceptions, were scarcely equal to the tasks imposed upon them. The unaccompanied *terzetto*, "Lift thine eyes," for Misses Holroyd, Ransford, and Salmon, was perhaps the most satisfactory performance among those which did not depend upon the orchestra and chorus for their principal effects. It was encored warmly, and repeated. Another time it is to be hoped that the pupils of the Academy may find a more appropriate means of paying respect to the memory of Mendelssohn than that of offering a curtailed and mutilated version of his greatest work.

The trio of Handel mentioned above, its ill-advised position forgotten, was very ably executed by Mr. Hill, M. Sainton's clever pupil (violin) M. Horatio Chipp (violoncello), and Mr. Mount (double-bass).

The miscellaneous part of the concert had considerable interest, since it brought forward performers as yet but little known. The *largo* and *rondo* from Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, were cleverly played by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, a young artist of considerable promise. Still better was the performance of another youthful pianist, Mr. Whitehead Smith (a pupil of Mr. W. Dorrell), who in the *Barcarole* and first movement from Sterndale Bennett's beautiful concerto in F minor, exhibited a sure finger and a large amount of unaffected expression. But here again we have to find fault. Instead of fragments from two concertos, why not have given *one* concerto entire? No conscientious composer writes a work on a grand scale—a symphony or concerto for example—without aiming at unity of design; the curtailment of such works, therefore, as those of Beethoven and Sterndale Bennett, is injurious to their effect, and renders

them in a great degree unintelligible. This is unjust to the authors, and does little good to the tyros who are to display their executive capabilities. It is also a bad example to be set by an institution where none but healthy and unpromising principles should be inculcated. In the vocal part of the selection we have again to remark with pleasure the rapid advance of Miss Ransford, who sang Pergolesi's air, "Oh Lord have mercy," in a style that would have done no discredit to a vocalist of the ripest experience. Mr. T. H. Baylis, in Calcott's dreary *scena*, "The last man," showed a bass voice of fine quality, which as yet, however, wants cultivation. The lovely duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, was well performed. Misses A. Lincoln and Owen taking the vocal solos; and Haydn's "With Verdure clad," evidenced good intentions, at least, on the part of Miss Taylor. A grand chorus of Mozart's, "Gloria in excelsis," was rendered with great spirit and concluded the concert.

In our notices of these concerts last year, we were constantly inveighing against a certain glaring defect in the construction of the programmes; this was the almost invariable absence of compositions by pupils of the institution. The programme of last Saturday did not contain a single work, large or small, from the pen of a single pupil, old or new. It is necessary once more to remind the authorities that this is a direct infringement of the most important object for which the Royal Academy of Music was instituted.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

NO. V.

NEVER ask what others think,
Would'st thou buffet with the wave:
Only trust in self can save:
Doubt to swim is lead to sink.

Would'st thou lift thee to the sky,
Never look how others rise:
Borrowed craft is never wise:
Bold of wing is strength to fly.

Never watch where others leap,
Would'st thou to the pearl arrive:
Plunge at once, or dread to dive,
Question finds breast-high too deep.

C. R.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—FRANCONI'S EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.—The aspect of the grand opera has undergone a serious, or more properly, a comic change; for, whereas, clouds therein were wont to mingle with smiles, and sorrow to alternate with joy, there reigns now nothing but mirth and sunshine, or rather gaslight. The house has undergone a great change—a revolutionary change. The pit has bounded on the stage, and the stage has bounded out of sight, and is *non est inventus*. The orchestra reclines against the rearward wall of the stage, and is, perhaps, on too removed a ground for *piano* purposes. The circle, which includes the orchestra and two-thirds of the pit, is of great size. Decorations of the most fanciful description are suspended over the old stage, and appended in other parts of the house, affording a novel appearance. Franconi's company of equestrians have long been celebrated in Paris, and, indeed, all over France. Their performances are truly extraordinary, and really defy description. They consist of feats of equitation, tumbling, vaulting, what may be denominated *sleights*, and comic exhibitions. In the horsemanship department the ladies appear to be the chiefest

artistes. Coralie Ducos, Mdle. Caroline, Amaglia Hadweiger, and the petite Marie Anato, were, of these, most entitled to praise. The last-named young lady, apparently a child, danced the *Manola* on horseback as gracefully and as firmly as we are wont to see it on the stage-boards. The performances are numerous and varied. The humour of the clowns would be a little more felicitous if it was expressed in the vernacular. One of the best and most amusing things of the evening was a pantomimic interlude, in which M. Montero impersonated a monkey, and went through a series of antics, feats of strength, and agility, that would have shamed our *quondam* friend, the Adelphi Gnome Fly. These were thoroughly appreciated, and elicited great applause. We were somewhat surprised to behold our old acquaintance of the Regent Street exhibition, Don Francisco Hidalgo, the dwarf. He ministered in no small degree to the fun of the interlude. Between the dwarf and monkey there was a keen encounter of wits, which tended to a quantity of cachinnation, if it tended to nothing else. The tumbling of some of the *voltageurs* was decidedly the best we have ever seen, and the horsemanship in general was surpassingly good. To the lovers of this kind of amusement the present entertainments at Drury Lane will afford an immense treat. The performance on Tuesday evening concluded with a quadrille on horseback, which was miraculously performed. The artists were all magnificently attired in costumes of the middle age, and the quadrille was danced with as much precision as though it was performed at Almack's, under the surveillance of Mr. Weippert. Drury Lane has been filled every evening since the opening of the theatre with the new equestrian company. The performers are varied in some respects nightly.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Maddox has, during the last few years, done as much as any manager to uphold the legitimate drama, and more than any manager, certainly, to uphold the Shaksperian drama, at least within the precincts of the court. Were it not for Mr. Maddox, the greatest actor of modern times would most likely be devoid of an engagement in London. The Princess's first introduced Miss Cushman to us; the Princess's first received Fanny Kemble on her return to the stage. We shall not specify other numerous engagements of Mr. Maddox, which introduced performers of all kind, from all parts, to us, as no great excellence was made manifest thereby; but assuredly so many endeavours exhibit a desire to do the best for the public, and what can manager do more? Nor must we forget, among other benefits resulting from the managerial dispensations of the Princess's, the engagement of the charming and *piquante* Anna Thillon, whose name is a synonym for all that is light, elegant, and captivating. Mr. Maddox made a bold stroke for his establishment when he united Macready and Mrs. Butler in one engagement. The issue has justified his policy; the Princess's is crowded every night, and the audience depart delighted and instructed by the performance. Macready and Mrs. Butler have appeared together in *Macbeth*, *Henry the Eighth*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*. Mrs. Butler, we suppose to demonstrate her versatility, hesitated in her performances between the Siddonian and O'Neillian line of character. Now, she appeared as Lady Macbeth, and looked a Kemble all over in her flashing eye and dignified deportment; anon figured she as the gentle Desdemona, and looked nothing but Fanny Kemble, or, more properly, Mrs. Butler; again you might have seen her as the queenly and distracted Katharine, tearing her locks in a properly-seasoned paroxysm of frenzy, and soon after witnessed her as the "verbal" Cordelia, with all her heart on her lips, and with no passion to exemplify, saving her sweet filial soft-

ness, that is—Cordelia, not Fanny Kemble—but without sweetness or softness: from all which premises the reader may logically infer that our admiration, if any, inclines to Mrs. Butler's sterner delineations; and so indeed it does. Mrs. Butler has either lost, or never possessed, the power of transfiguring truthfully the gentle phases of character by her impersonations on the stage. She is no longer a "juvenile" actress, and, however fondly she may cling to the Juliets, Julias, Desdemonas, Ophelias, Cordelias, and others, they are but the redolent memories of the past, and have departed beyond her grasp for ever. But why should this daunt Mrs. Butler? If her powers lie out of the juvenile tragedy, have they not translated themselves to a higher sphere of action? But woe upon us; this clinging to juvenescence, even when it implies but a mask over the reality, is acceptable to all, and most acceptable to the oldest. Mrs. Butler's best powers certainly incline to energetic exhibitions. Her Queen Katharine, though devoid of art, and unstudied, or carelessly elaborated, was thoroughly earnest and forcible, and required but something more of practice and closet-thought to render it great. We believe her capable of high things in the loftier range of tragic parts, and we shall be much surprised indeed if she falls short of our expectations. But she must eschew Ophelias and Cordelias altogether. Let her leave such parts to younger and less artificial candidates for histrionic fame. If she but follow this advice, "ten to one on't, with any one that knows the statues," she will prove the greatest tragic actress of modern times in Siddons's line. We wish we had something new to offer our readers on behalf of Mr. Macready. It is always a labour of love to us to speak of this great artist, of whom the more we see the more highly we are inclined to think; but our repeated notices of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Henry the Eighth*, with which the readers of the *Musical World* must be conversant, debar us from offering any especial criticism on Mr. Macready's acting, least we be tempted, unwittingly, into an oft-told tale. As a general remark, we may say, that of Macready's present performances at the Princess's, the most refined, artistic, and complete, appear to us to be his *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The last, we feel assured, is one of the greatest and most powerful delineations ever witnessed on any stage. Madame Anna Thillon fills up the interstices of each week, between the Shaksperian performances, with capital effect. She has, however, appeared in no new piece of late. The last was no very felicitous vehicle to set forth the powers and fascinations of this charming artiste. We trust the next will be an improvement.

MARYLEBONE.—*Damon and Pythias* has been produced here with great success. Much care has been expended in its production, and little has been left undone, as far as regards scenery and stage appurtenances, to ensure it a favourable career. The bills most unaccountably set its authorship down to Mr. Lalor Shiel. This is an error, though easily accounted for. The play of *Damon and Pythias* was written by John Banim, author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and other numerous Irish stories. Banim showed the play in manuscript to Mr. Shiel, who advised some alterations, and re-wrote one or two scenes. Mr. Shiel cannot for this be styled the author of *Damon and Pythias*. The play was brought out at Covent Garden, about twenty-five years ago, when Macready was the *Damon*, and Charles Kemble the *Pythias*. It was very favourably received, and ran for many nights. It has occasionally been re-produced since at various theatres, but with very little success. The cast of the drama at the Marylebone included the whole strength of the company. Mr. Graham made a very

effective Damon, and Mrs. Warner's Hermione was an able and artistic performance. *Damon and Pythias* will prove a good alternative for the management, but it cannot be pronounced a "great hit." Mrs. Warner, we understand, is about to transfer her managerial services to the Surrey Theatre.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Une Imprudence*, by M. Rollande, was produced for the first time on Monday last. The piece is announced as having been written expressly for this theatre; this being taken for granted, *pro forma*, we may be expected to bestow something more than a passing word of approbation upon its success. We congratulate the author in having eked out any thing in the shape of a play from such scanty materials, and are inclined to the opinion that it was never intended for the stage at all, but rather for the drawing-room, partaking as it does of the nature of the charade more than of comedy. The language is fluent and select, the moral evident, the plot of the slightest possible texture, and the dialogue generally well put together. The action is not so rapid as we could have wished; the first scenes are monotonous and tedious, and a little curtailment would be necessary. There is one scene at the end, which, however, makes amends for the faults of the commencement, and which, had it been properly played, might have been made highly affective. Bad as it was, it drew down the hearty applause of the house, and fixed the success of the piece, which had hitherto appeared doubtful. The plot is an imprudence on the part of Madame Dubar, who receives the attentions of a certain Deblancy, and conceals him in her bed-room for fear of their being surprised together. The lady's brother watches over her, and is mainly instrumental in bringing his sister to a proper sense of her duty, and helping her to get out of the difficulty into which her thoughtlessness had thrown her. The husband *n'y voit que de feu*, the lover is turned out of the house, and the curtain falls. We have seen farces concocted out of slight materials, but this comedy beats all the farces it has been our lot to witness in this respect. The more is the pity, for one good scene is not sufficient to carry us through nearly an hour of dialogue, however neatly put together. We are ready to admit that the actors were by no means up to their work, or rather, they were out of their element. Mlle. Baptiste is an interesting person; dresses nicely, and looks very pretty; but the part she had to play required more vivacity, and a greater display of feeling than she has at her command, especially the last scene. M. Montaland had too little to do, and M. Cartigny still less. M. St. Marie was pompous as the brother when he should have proved affectionate, as clearly indicated by the author, and delivered himself of his advice as if he had been a Bossuet or a Fénelon. The author was called for after the piece, but did not make his appearance. *Une Jeunesse Orangeuse*, played at the commencement of the season, was repeated with the same cast, except that Mlle. Nathalie took the part of Mlle. Baptiste. The piece lost nothing by this substitution, Mlle. Nathalie improved it in every respect, and sang and acted in her very best manner, so much so as to create a feeling of deep regret at the possibility of her leaving us after next week. M. Montaland was quite himself in the part of the reformed rake, and kept all alive by his presence. We must also say a word in favour of M. Lemonnier, who played the part of a hen-pecked husband to the life. We wish we could say something in favour of M. Châtelain; he certainly is the heaviest and most unlikely *amoureux* we ever saw, and makes us regret M. Rhozevil, whose functions he is in no wise adequate to fill.

J. DE C—.

CONCERTS.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER's second *soirée* of pianoforte music was held at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday week. There were several new features in the programme, of which the most important will at once be recognised to be a trio of Spohr's, being its first time of performance. The announcement of this interesting novelty drew a great many of the *dilettanti* to Willis's Rooms on Thursday, and awakened general curiosity. The programme follows:—

PART I.

Sonata, op. 96, in G major, for pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Dando—*Beethoven*.
Suite de Pieces, (Allemande, air Courante, and Gigue) in E minor, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper—*Lulli* (A.D. 1670).
Duet, "Cantando un di," the Misses Pyne—*Clari*.
Seventeen Variations serieuses, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper—*Mendelssohn*.

PART II.

New Trio (the Fourth), op. 133, in B flat major, for pianoforte violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Sloper, Dando, and Rousselot—*Spohr*.
Arabesque and Nocturne, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper—*R. Schumann*.
Song, "Zuleika," Herr Brandt—*Mendelssohn*.
Second Tarantella (unpublished), pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper—*Stephen Heller*.

Beethoven's grand sonata was finely played. Both executants surpassed themselves. Mr. Dando is a powerful exposito of the large school of violin compositions. He is a thoroughly classic performer, surpassed by few in his interpretation of such music as that of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr. The *Courante* and *Gigue* of old Lulli was delicately played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and keenly relished by the audience. He played the *Gigue*, perhaps, a trifle too quick, but in the acceleration of the time did not lose a single emphasis, or a single accent. Though rapid, all was articulated and distinct. The duet from *Clari*, very nicely sung, provoked an encore. In Mendelssohn's seventeen variations, Mr. Sloper not only exhibited his brilliancy of touch and rapidity of execution, but showed himself master of the best style of pianoforte playing. The last variation was an extraordinary display of celerity in fingering.

The new trio of Spohr opened the second part. The first movement, an *allegro*, full of delicious melody, fresh, exhilarating, and admirably worked out; the *reprises* are beautifully managed, and the instrumentation full of new and masterly effects.

The first movement over, a murmur of praise and favorable criticism ran through the audience. According to all, Spohr had newly imbibed the waters of rejuvenescence. The *minuetto* evidences the peculiarity of Spohr's genius, but is hardly so much as the *allegro*, a spontaneous inspiration. It presents some highly effective passages for the pianoforte, which were interpreted by Mr. Sloper in a masterly manner. The *adagio* is an exquisite movement, the subject clear and elegant, and varied in the most charming manner possible; the dialoguing of the violin and violoncello is managed with the happiest effect. The entire movement is in every way worthy of Spohr's genius in its loftiest moments. The last movement, *Presto*, is as bright and fleeting as a flash of lightning. We shall have occasion by-and-by to speak more largely of this work; at present we can hardly allude to it impartially, so deeply were we impressed with it on a first hearing. The trio gave the most intense delight to all present, and there was but one opinion expressed as to its merits. Mr. Lindsay Sloper must be congratulated on having been the first to introduce it to the public. We must be

brief with the remaining portion of the scheme. Schumann's *Arabesque* and *Nocturne* were elegantly interpreted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Mr. Brandt gave Mendelssohn's song with nice feeling and was encored. In its place, however, he substituted another. This is a custom prevalent now-a-days, but it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. For what else does it mean than this—"the audience have encored *me*, the singer, not *him*, the composer—argal, they desire to hear *my* voice, not *his* music—so shall they have more of it than they had, &c. &c." When John Parry gags it thus, it is all right. John Parry knows his songs lose nothing by *not* being repeated, and he knows too—he *must* know it—it is in reality his singing and playing that are the things encored. But with Mendelssohn the case is very different. Stephen Heller's *Tarantella* is admirable. It is as brisk as a bee and light as a fairy, with no small portion of the honey of the one, and the ethereal grace of the other. It was encored with acclamations—an encore fairly divided—the composition claiming one half the merit, and the performance the other. It was a brilliant close to a brilliant concert.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The fourth meeting of the sixteenth season was held on Monday, at the London Tavern. The vocalists were, Miss Lockey (soprano), Miss Dolby (contralto), Mr. Land (tenor), and Mr. W. Seguin (bass). Mr. Dando led, and Mr. H. Westrop conducted. The room was crowded, and the Lord Mayor being present lent a civic halo to the entertainment. The concert was one of the best we remember for years. The band was good, the choral force good, and the solo-vocalists excellent. Part first led off with a Mass of Andre's, which was well given. A tenor air and chorus, from Boyce's *Solomon*, followed, in which Mr. Land was very effective, but which his artistic rendering could not save from condemnation, as the *obligato* part for bassoon was mutilated in an extraordinary manner, scarcely a bar being played correctly. This of course threw Mr. Land on his beam ends, and was rather disheartening to him at the outset of his career, as we believe it was Mr. Land's first performance at the Choral Harmonists: but whatever insufficiency might have been made apparent in the performance of the aria, and for which no one could attach the slightest blame to Mr. Land, this gentleman's excellent singing during the remainder of the concert would have atoned for numberless faults, had there been faults to atone for. The air, "O, blest is the Lord," from *Elijah*, was very finely given by Miss Dolby. The first part closed with a grand chorus from Himmel's *Judgment*, given with good effect. The second part was devoted to Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Weber, with the exception of an old madrigal of G. Convrseo, date 1575, which exhibits considerable ingenuity in a musical point of view. "The song of Night," and "Spring Song," were entrusted to Miss Dolby, who demonstrates her admirable taste by introducing them everywhere. The overture and selection from *Oberon* were rendered well, though the music appears to be of too dramatic a character for chamber performances. Miss Dolby, however, produced a great effect in "O Araby, dear Araby," and was encored. The selection from the *Seasons* went much better. Here we cannot award too high praise. Each portion was interpreted more than satisfactorily, and thoroughly delighted the audience. The solos were given by Mr. Land, Mr. W. Seguin, and Miss Lockey. The next meeting takes place on Friday, April 7th.

SACRED CONCERTS.—The first concert of the sixth series was held on Monday evening, at the usual *locale*—Crosby Hall—under the direction of Miss Mounsey. The principal

vocalists were Miss Cubitt and Miss Steele, and the Messrs. Kench and Lockey. A small, but effective chorus was provided. The performances were selected from the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Spohr, Beethoven, Winter, Steffani, Abbé-Vogler, Mendelssohn, Wesley, and Boyce. The deficiency in choral power was evidenced in the chorus from *Sephthah*, "When his loud voice;" nevertheless, it was carefully and accurately given. The fine tenor song from *Paul*, "Be thou faithful unto death," was charmingly rendered by Mr. Lockey, displaying the nicest taste and best expression. He was no less happy in the song from the *Creation*, "In native worth;" and in the air from *Elijah*, "If with all your hearts." Miss Cubitt was heard to considerable advantage in Weber's "See nature doth her stores unfold," and Haydn's "O thou sinless." Spohr's ingenious "Cradle song," and an air of Beethoven's, afforded scope to Miss Steele to exhibit the qualities of a pleasing and capable voice, and the powers of a very efficient artiste. Nor must Mr. Kench be omitted. His share in the scheme of the evening was by no means unimportant, nor was it without its weight in determining the value of the entertainments. Miss Mounsey, who presided throughout at the organ, played, between the parts, an organ solo, in which she evidenced no mean powers as a performer on that peculiar instrument.

MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT's second performance of Classical pianoforte music took place on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme was interesting in every item. It ran as follows;—

PART I.

Grand Trio (in E flat), op. 70, dedicated to La Comtesse d'Erödy pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, and Banister, and M. Scipion Rousselot—*Beethoven*.
Movement from the Suites Angloises, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett—*J. S. Bach*; Suite Premiere from the harpsichord lessons—*Handel*; Prelude, E minor; Allegro con Fuoco. Fugue; Andante Espressivo, ed accelerando a poco a poco al Allegro con Fuoco—*Mendelssohn*.
Aria, "L'Addio," Miss Duval—*Mozart*.
Grand Duet, in E flat, pianoforte and clarinet, op. 47, Mr. W. S. Bennett and Mr. Williams—*Weber*.

PART II.

Sonata in A major, op. 69, pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett and M. Scipion Rousselot—*Beethoven*.
Song, "The Bird and the Maiden," Miss Stewart; clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams—*Spohr*.
Two-part song in B flat, Misses Stewart and Duval—*Mendelssohn*.
Selection from the pianoforte works of W. S. Bennett (Study, No. 2, op. 11; No. 3, from the Suite de Pieces, op. 24, dedicated to Mrs. Anderson. Rondo Piacerevole, op. 25, dedicated to Mr. Robert Barnett), Mr. W. S. Bennett.

The E flat trio, one of the composer's most *recherché* works, in which his latter style is remarkably developed, was performed in a manner that could hardly be surpassed. M. Rousselot's violoncello playing was most admirable. There are numerous difficulties for this instrument provided by the composer, which were all compassed with masterly ease by the performer. Of Mr. Bennett's pianoforte playing in this instance it is not too much to say, that it was perfection—perfection in feeling, expression and execution. Mr. Bennett understands Beethoven, as well as plays him,—like a true artist. Mr. Bannister, also, is entitled to great praise for his careful and conscientious interpretation of the author's score. In the examples which Mr. Bennett adduced of the three styles of writers for the pianoforte, he was encored in one of the movements from the "Suite premiere," in A major, containing the delicious pastorale, one of Handel's most brilliant gems in this class of writing, and in the magnificent prelude of Mendelssohn. The encores were merited no less by the excellence of the performance, than

the exquisite beauty of the compositions. Of a different kind was Mr. Bennett's performance of Mendelssohn's *fugue*, which exhibited a masterly command of the instrument, an astonishing variety of expression and a power over the gradations of *crescendo* which we have never heard surpassed. Mozart's beautiful love song was intelligently rendered by Miss Duval. A little less expression, and a little more life would, perhaps, not have been amiss. In Weber's duet, the beautiful tone and fine mechanism of Mr. Williams was of the greatest possible advantage in interpreting this brilliant and effective composition, which in the hands of two such executants was treated according to its deserts. The sonata in A major is one of the only two Beethoven ever wrote for the pianoforte and violoncello. It is lengthy, but extremely simple. Its beauties, however, are "legion," and these were finely developed by the executants. Spohr's lovely song was very nicely sung by Miss Stewart, though it was, perhaps, taken a thought too slow. Mr. Williams rendered the clarinet part excellently, and the encore was spontaneous. Mendelssohn's two-part song, a composition of equal beauty, was excellently rendered by the two fair vocalists. The selections from the pianoforte works of Mr. Bennett were judiciously arranged. Mr. Bennett's performance of them was characterised by his usual energy, brilliancy, and finish, and each was received with the most liberal applause. The "Rondo Piacevole" is one of the most graphic and complete of all the author's inspirations, and, independently, one of the purest gems that ever sparkled in the *repertoire* of the pianoforte. A more delightful and a more intellectual concert we have rarely been present at. Mr. Rae accompanied the vocal music with ability.

M. THALBERG'S.—Exeter Hall was crowded to excess on Monday evening, M. Thalberg having announced his concert to take place, and it being the first appearance of the celebrated pianist these three years. M. Thalberg not only occupies a distinguished position as a pianist, but also holds a high rank among modern piano-forte composers of a certain very popular school. Henri Herz originated this school, and, to all appearance, had exhausted the resources of the pianoforte in creating difficulties and complexities. But Thalberg started afresh from the extremest point to which the former had carried his inventions, and went further than Herz, in his most daring flights, ever contemplated. In the last ten or a dozen years, the school of Thalberg has occupied the exclusive attention of an immense class of pianists. Without assigning M. Thalberg a place among the classical, or, better speaking, the intellectual class of composers, it must be admitted that he is possessed of no small amount of ingenuity, and has merits of style and form which are entirely his own. It is owing to these that he has attracted a greater host of imitators than any composer, without even excepting Herz himself, since the time of Dussek, whose genius, however, was cast in a different mould. As a pianist, M. Thalberg has few equals, and certainly no superior. Mendelssohn alone could lay claims to that distinction. M. Thalberg's mechanism on the instrument approaches as nearly to perfection as natural aptitude and incessant labour could achieve. His tone is at once full and vigorous, and his touch brilliant in the extreme. The characteristics of his playing are an extraordinary power, lightness, and agility of finger; an almost unerring certainty, with a largeness of grasp hardly to be surpassed, together with a flexibility that lends itself to every condition of attack; these, united to an admirable expression, have placed M. Thalberg at the head of his peculiar school, and leave him almost without a rival. Liszt,

Madame Pleyel, and Leopold de Meyer, alone have any pretensions to contest the palm with him. Charles Hallé and Sterndale Bennett belong to a different school, while Chopin is more a player of sentiment than power.

It is nearly eleven years since Thalberg made his first appearance in London. Liszt had been previously heard, but, when Thalberg played the public voice placed him at once at the head of pianists of "the romantic" school—the *romantic* we suppose, because it is the most *unromantic*.

The concert of Monday evening was of a miscellaneous kind, but the main interest was centered in the performance of the great pianist. As is customary with M. Thalberg, he confined himself entirely to his own compositions, and left us on this, as on other occasions, without the ability to judge of his powers as the interpreter of classical music. M. Thalberg played a fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*; a *capriccio* on Mario's aria from *Don Pasquale*, "Com'è gentil;" and a fantasia on the minuet and "Deh vieni alla finestra," from *Don Giovanni*. In these compositions M. Thalberg displayed exceeding great ingenuity, and proved himself a consummate master of all the resources of his instrument, developed in the brilliant and extravagant creations of the modern school. The chief tendencies of his writings appear to aim no higher than to develop to the uttermost the peculiarities and mechanical capabilities of the pianoforte, and this undoubtedly he has effected. M. Thalberg's performance was received after each piece with the utmost enthusiasm. He played with all his wonted power and exhibited all that ingenuity, finish, and delicacy of touch, that have long rendered him famous. He was rapturously encored in the *Sonnambula* fantasia, and substituted another, introducing airs from *Masaniello*. This was also received with immense applause.

The remaining portion of the entertainment was by no means undeserving of notice. Mr. Willy's excellent concert-band, under the able direction of M. Benedict—one of the most sterling and effective of conductors—played the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Oberon*, with considerable effect; the latter especially. Madame Thillon also assisted, sang with infinite art and intelligence, and elicited two encores; one in a romance by Auher, the other in a graceful and well-written ballad, "Kathleen is gone," by Walter Maynard. Miss Wallace, in "Black-eyed Susan," showed herself no less competent to interpret simple strains with purity and truthfulness, than to express the classical with vigor and power. Miss Miran introduced the contralto cavatina, "O quante lagrime," from *La Donna del Lago*, which she gave in a most unpretending, but not the less effective, manner; and Mr. Sims Reeves deservedly obtained an encore in a clever song from Laven's "Loretta." The Misses Williams narrowly escaped a repetition of Benedict's captivating duet, "Mid waving trees." Miss Bassano, Signor Ciabatta, and Mr. T. Williams, also, in several pieces, added greatly to the interest of the evening's entertainments.

But best of all, in the miscellaneous part of the concert, were the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," from *Elijah*, and the quartet, or table-song, for four voices, by the composer of that chef-d'œuvre; these were most admirably executed by the clever Misses Williams and their associates.

We have omitted to state, that the overture to *Oberon* was loudly encored, an honour which its performance richly merited.

Mr. Benedict presided at the pianoforte, with his usual ability and judgment.

THE CHORAL SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

(From the Derby Mercury.)

A GREAT deal is said now-a-days about reviving church music, and restoring it to its original grandeur and sublimity. Many people are entirely averse to the service being musical at all—others think that the canticles, and a hymn or so, sung to music of a flimsy and meretricious caste, are quite enough, whilst others think that where it is practicable, the services should be conducted decently and in order, following as far as they can the example of the parish church of the diocese—the cathedral.

To test such opinions, the main question is this—how comes it, that, in cathedrals and collegiate churches, those portions of the service which are ordered by the rubrics to be “read,”—“used”—“said” or “pronounced,”—are now and always have been “sung,”—sung, not anyhow but with a specific kind of intonation called “plain-tune?” Is there any authority but custom for the one or the other? Whence did the custom arise of such parts of the service? How came the music sung to them to be reckoned authentic and invariable? Are we to consider that the practice of cathedrals has been for the last three hundred years a violation of the rubrical directions of the prayer book? If not, does the word “say” mean to “sing,” or if not to “sing” anyhow, does it mean to use certain intonations?

Now, without entering at large on the subject, it may be stated, that there is an implied as well as an expressed meaning of the rubric relating to music. In this as in other matters of ecclesiastical order, ancient custom is assumed to be still in force, unless it has been set aside by special enactment. For example, we shall search in vain for a single direction given by the church since the Reformation, for the *antiphonal* chanting of the psalms, yet no one ever doubted but that she intended the continuance of this practice, and signified as much by *printing* them, and by the *antiphonal* division of the Gloria Patri at the end of each psalm. Moreover, the terms in which the rubrics are expressed must be interpreted according to their technico-ecclesiastical meaning of the 16th century, which was very different to what many would interpret them now.

To “say”—“use” and “read” the service, signified that it was to be said after the use of some diocese or province, which use was one of “singing” as well as “saying.”

If there was no choir, it signified recitation in the ordinary tone of voice—if, a choir, *secundum modum legendi choraliter*, i. e., in the peculiar chant proper for the portion of the service.

In few words, the rubric “to say”—“use” or “read,” signifies in choral language, to “sing;” so that it will be seen that where churches have complete choirs, the whole service is to be chanted, or used chorally; and that where churches have *incomplete* choirs, the portions to be sung in preference to others, are indicated by the direction to be “said or sung;” and lastly, the case of churches or chapels in which there is no singing, a license is granted to read those parts which otherwise ought to be sung.

Again, it is not proper to address our Maker with the same familiarity of tone as we should address our equals; even towards the Sovereign of our country we should use in some sort a studied mode of address, much more should our manner be free from any secularity when we address our God. Also, when the congregation are unisonous in their responses, what is it but an emblem of what Christians ought to aim at, viz., *unity*; and, surely, it is far better to adopt one tone than to make the service discordant by the various and different ways of responding, which we too often hear; and, moreover, we should not hear so often the phrase “*reading the prayer in a most impressive manner*,” people would go to say their prayers, but not to hear either the minister or any body else show off their powers of elocution.

For further information of the Choral Service of the Church, the reader is respectfully referred to a cheap publication called, “The Parish Choir,” which on the whole is well written.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE following has been forwarded to us for insertion by the Committee of this Society:—

“The committee feel it to be due to the Subscribers and friends of the society to announce that Mr. Surman, who has hitherto held the office of conductor, no longer occupies that position, and that all official connexion between him and the Sacred Harmonic Society has been terminated by vote of the general body of its members.

“The committee are not desirous of entering into unnecessary details of a painful and disagreeable character; and, therefore briefly remark that

the removal of Mr. Surman has been the result of a protracted investigation, involving not merely the question of competency for his office, but several very grave and serious charges against him.

“Preparatory to the general meeting of members at which the above mentioned decision was adopted, the various matters in question had, by mutual consent of Mr. Surman and the committee of the society, been referred to a special committee, consisting of nine gentlemen, four of whom were nominated by Mr. Surman, four by the committee, and the ninth was elected by the previously appointed eight, the decision, by lot, falling upon a gentleman who had been put in nomination by the friends of Mr. Surman.

“The special committee so constituted, after devoting more than four months to the investigation of statements submitted and proofs adduced, delivered as the result of their labours a detailed report (bearing the concurrent signatures of all their number) entirely adverse to Mr. Surman; and stating that, ‘in respect to his competency, they were reluctantly obliged to report their opinion that, however much unwillingness there may have existed to question the competency of Mr. Surman as conductor of the society in its infancy, it would have been well for its infancy, it would have been well for its greater improvement had he ere this retired from his office.’ while, in reply to his statements of sacrifices made on behalf of the society, and the insufficiency of his remuneration, ‘They considered that for any services rendered by Mr. Surman, the remuneration has not only been ample but liberal in the extreme; and this without reference to obvious advantages of no ordinary value and importance in business matters, into which they did not enter, but to which Mr. Surman cannot but be aware his connexion with the society has introduced him.’ And the special committee further stated that, as Mr. Surman, on being acquainted with the conclusions at which they had arrived, declined to avail himself of the opportunity offered, and the advice given him, to resign, they feel it to be their duty to declare their deliberate and unanimous opinion that the conduct of Mr. Surman rendered it impossible for him to exercise any longer with advantage or propriety the office of conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and they recommend his immediate removal from that office accordingly.’

“The report of the special committee was received and adopted by the general meeting of members of the society on the 15th instant.

“The committee would willingly refrain from further allusion on this subject, which has long been a painful source of perplexity and embarrassment; they, however, cannot repress an expression of surprise and regret at the publication by Mr. Surman of a pamphlet, purporting to be a statement made to the special committee, the main object of which appears to be to reduce the serious matters of difference to the semblance of a personal quarrel between him and certain members of the society.

“As Mr. Surman, by his refusal to consent to the printing of the report of the special committee, prevents the committee from putting forth a full refutation and exposure of the contents of his publication, they feel compelled, by a sense of justice, thus publicly to state, that, prior to the circulation of the pamphlet, the general character of his statement was tested, shown to be fallacious, and repudiated by the special committee, to whom it was originally addressed, “as containing but a small part of truth.” And as he still continues industriously to circulate his misrepresentations and calumnies, after they have been thus strongly condemned by a tribunal in which he professed to “*have every confidence*,”—and still more after that condemnation has been ratified by the general body of the society, in appealing to whom he explicitly declared himself content to abide by their decision,—the committee feel compelled in the strongest manner to deprecate such unworthy proceedings, as a dishonourable attempt to divert attention from the real facts of the case, by the introduction of personalities and aspersions especially intended to cast odium upon one of the members of the committee (Mr. Bowley), whose integrity and disinterestedness are unimpeachable, and whose long continued and laborious exertions on behalf of the society have materially aided in promoting its success, and deservedly secured for him the confidence and esteem of the committee and the society generally.

“J. N. HARRISON, President.

“T. BREWER, Honorary Secretary.

“6, Exeter Hall, 28th Feb., 1848.”

The time for discussing this question is not yet at our disposal; but we shall speedily pay it the attention its importance demands.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia took her benefit on the 24th ult, at the *Theatre Royal*. The house was crowded to the ceiling. The entertainments

included the two last acts of the *Huguenots*, the third act of *Otello*, and the finale to *Sonnambula*, in all of which Madame Viardot created an enthusiasm almost without parallel in the annals of the theatre. The King, the Queen, the Princes, and the Princesses Royal of Prussia, with a brilliant host of aristocracy, formed a part of the audience. Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* has been produced at the Italian Theatre, with success, although the *troupe* is but mediocre.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—Owing to the disastrous influence of the new revolution upon the public amusements, the managers of all the theatres in Paris met together last week, to consult about their common interests. They have elected MM. Roqueplan (of the *Academie*), Dormeuil, Hostein, and Mourier, to represent them before the Provisional Government. It appears that every theatre in Paris, as well as every house of commerce, is on the brink of ruin—and all for the people! Oh, the people! the people!!

AMIENS.—(From a Correspondent.)—You will be surprised to hear from this place, but stopping here on my way to Paris to have a look at the cathedral, &c. &c. I had the advantage of being present at a concert given by no less a personage than the celebrated singer, Mdlle. Alboni, who came here, in company with Tagliafico, the barytone from the *Italiens*. The concert-room was naturally crowded to excess, and the receipts amounted to nearly 11,000 francs (£440), something outrageous for such a town as Amiens. The enthusiasm created by Alboni surpasses all description; I shall therefore not attempt to describe it. Never was such a musical event before in Amiens. Thinking you would be pleased to hear this bit of news, I have scribbled you these hasty lines, and regret I have no time to write more at length.—M.

NEW YORK.—(From a correspondent.) A grand musical solemnity was held at Castle Garden on the 5th of February, in honour of Dr. Mendelssohn. All the musical societies of New York joined in this praiseworthy demonstration: these were—the Philharmonic Society; the New York Sacred Music Society; the American Musical Institute; the Euterpean Society; the Society of Concordia, and some others of musical note. All the professional body and the amateurs of New York were present. The programme was most admirable; mark it, and don't despise our—at least on musical occasions—transatlantic scheme. Thus it was:—"Marcia Funebre" (Beethoven); chorus from "St. Paul," "Happy and blest" (Mendelssohn); aria from "Elijah," "It is enough, O Lord" (Mendelssohn); recitative, "See now, he sleepeth," "Elijah" (Mendelssohn); terzetto from "Elijah," "Lift oh! lift thine eyes" (Mendelssohn); "Recordare," from Mozart's Requiem; Chorale, "To thee O Lord," from "Elijah" (Mendelssohn); duetto and chorus, "I wait for the Lord," from the "Die Lobgesang" (Mendelssohn); quartet, "O come every one that trusteth," from "Elijah" (Mendelssohn); grand chorale, "Sleeper, awake," from "St. Paul," (Mendelssohn). The best part of the demonstration was decidedly the programme. The performance was altogether a truly ridiculous affair. The solo singers were execrable. I could not think of transmitting to you the name of a single individual who assisted on the occasion as, what is termed, a principal vocalist. The best among them would have been refused entrance into the chorus of the City Saloon or Eagle Tavern, if such respectable places be still in being. You must forgive my Islington breeding breaking forth—I would I were back again to Penton Street—but to resume. The chorus and band were numerous, but ill-proportioned. The conductor—Lord save the mark—played sundry interesting experiments

in the way of time, beginning every piece too fast, or too slow, and invariably finishing in the opposite extreme. Think of the "Lobgesang," under his tempestuous baton, a very ruler of the monsoon of music. The immense room, nearly as large as Islington Green, or Penton Square, contains upwards of ten thousand people, and was crammed to suffocation. Think of ten thousand Yankees stowed away in one room, and you one of the brotherhood. Guess the hubbub of such a composed mob, who are ever "on the tongue,"—calculate them eternally buzzing, like so many sleepless mosquitoes, and hurrying about from place to place, like newly-liberated racoons,—fancy them chewing, and spitting, and coughing, and hemming, and snoring,—and then you may have some idea of a Yankee assembly at a musical meeting. Were it not for the novelty of the thing, I think I should have died of absolute disgust. But the most amusing thing of all was, that this immense mass of living matter all went out at one small door, without any accident.—Madame Bishop is about to dissolve her operatic *troupe*, and proceed directly to the Havanna, in company with Bochsa, the celebrated harp-player. Madame Bishop has been an immense favourite with the New Yorkites. Macfarren, the composer, is here with his wife, who has appeared on the stage with Madame Bishop, and has sung several times at concerts. She has a very charmin' gvoice, and sings like a true artist. All she seems to want is a little more confidence, which, no doubt, time will bestow on her. She is yet young to the boards.—Is it true that a new Italian opera is about to be established at Islington? If so, I shall certainly procure a gallery stall.—Yours, J. F.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—The Philharmonic Society commenced its first concert on Monday, which considering all things, was a good augury for the season. The committee have wisely dispensed with subscriptions for the present year, awaiting the completion of the new hall, an event expected before the end of autumn. The public were, in consequence, admitted at extremely moderate charges. The Society evidently works with an eye to general favor, and the present course is a manifestation of its direction in the right road; and will prove a beacon to its support. The performances were more than creditable. They brought into operation the vocal powers of Miss Bassano, the Misses Williams, Madame Lozano, Mr. T. Williams, and Signor Ciabatta; together with the instrumental admirabilities of M. Thalberg, the pianist. The vocalists delivered themselves of sundry pieces, well-selected, generally well-sung, and mainly well-received. M. Thalberg appears to be "the expectant and the rose of the fair state;" and to judge of the applause he obtained, we would pronounce his performance extra-excellent. M. Thalberg is, surely, a fine pianist; but he hardly does his powers justice by placing before his hearers the "brilliant stuff," which is the staple commodity of all his performances. It is neither a proof of modesty, nor policy, for while some avouch that the celebrated pianist considers his own compositions as the *ne plus ultra* of pianoforte writing. Others may be found who will aver that it is only in such compositions that he can exhibit his excellence. But "something too much of this"—our business is with the Philharmonic, not with M. Thalberg, in providing whom for its concerts, the society merely consulted the wishes of the public; and the public displayed their sense of the favor by receiving M. Thalberg with the greatest enthusiasm. Messrs. Hermann and H. F. Aldridge conducted the vocal music.—(From a Correspondent).

SUNDERLAND.—The Sunderland Amateur Musical Society gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music, on Monday evening, at the Athenæum in aid of the Infirmary. The audience was numerous and select. No less than four overtures were performed by a band reckoning near sixty performers. Mr. Wright was the leader. The gentlemen of the Durham choir, who kindly proffered their assistance on the occasion, sang some glees and catches. The society is deserving of every support for its continued struggles to uphold the cause of the musical art in Sunderland; and deserves especial eulogy for devoting, in the present instance, its proceeds in aid of a charitable institution.

CHELMSFORD.—Mr. Distin and his four sons, gave a concert at the Shire Hall on Friday evening, the 3rd instant, which was numerously attended. Miss Moriatt O'Connor, the vocalist, assisted in the entertainment. Mr. Smith presided at the pianoforte, and played a fantasia. The performances of the Distin family were received with much favor.

STORTFORD.—The Distin family performed here last week before a numerous assembly, and obtained a most flattering reception. Their performances were approved of no less on account of their excellence than their novelty.

CHELTENHAM.—Mr. Wilson gave his "Walter Scott" entertainment to a highly fashionable audience, on Thursday morning, in the Assembly Rooms, when it was received with great warmth, and several of the songs were encored. "Soldiers rest!"—"Hail to the Chief," and "The Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman," were loudly called for a second time: as was "Young Lochinvar."

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar's Soirée Musicale, took place at 13, Old Sydney Place, on Wednesday; the room was very full, and most of the pieces were received with great applause. The following was the election:—

PART I.—Trio, "Ti prego, O Madre."—Mrs. Millar, Miss Collins, and Mr. Millar; *Curschmann*.—Song, "O'er the Glad Waters."—Mr. Millar, from *Byron's* "Corsair."—*Millar*.—Aria, "Cielo a miei lunghi spasimi."—Miss Ley, *Donizetti*.—Duetto, "Ah, forse."—Mr. and Mrs. Millar, *Costa*.—Quartetto, "The Voice of Prayer."—Mrs. Millar, Miss Ley, Miss Perry and Miss Collins, *Millar*.—(Written expressly for the Composer, by the late Haynes Bayly.) Duetto, "Ti Mira."—Miss Perry and Mr. Millar, *Gabussi*.—Song, "Oh, yes, thy Spell."—Miss Collins, *Weber*.—Duetto, "GiovINETTE" (with chorus).—Mr. and Mrs. Millar, *Mozart*.—

PART II.—Trio, "Le faccio un inchino."—Mrs. Millar, Miss Ley, and Miss Collins, *Cimarosa*.—Recit and air, "Auld Robin Gray."—Mrs. Millar, *R. Leves*.—Song, "One gentle Heart."—Miss Ley, *Wallace*.—Duetto, "Peace to the dead."—Miss Collins and Mr. Millar, *E. Loder*.—Trio, "Gia far ritorno."—Mrs. Millar, Miss Ley, and Miss Collins, *Mozart*.—Ballad, "The Wife's Song."—Mr. Millar, (M.S.) *Millar*, (From the "ATHENEUM" of January 15th.—Aria, "Amor, Fortuna e Pace."—Mrs. Millar, *Carafa*.—Finale, God Save the Queen.

Mr. Millar is a very great favorite here, and most deservedly so. He is an elegant caterer for the public. His concerts always exhibit much taste and sound judgment, and he is one who evidently professes the true feeling of a musician. As a vocalist Mr. Millar is entitled to no small commendation. His voice, though small, is sweet, and his style and taste are unexceptionable. His *cara sposa* is also a vocalist of much taste and expression.—(From a Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE.—On Monday evening the performance of the *Stranger* introduced Mr. Davis to the public for the first time this season in a tragic part. I sent you on a former occasion a notice of this actor's personation of this part, and I then spoke of it in terms of no small eulogy. His performance is now more complete, and more artistic, and may be pronounced undoubtedly fine. Mrs. Ponisi produced an effect in Mrs. Haller, of which you can have no possible conception. Her acting throughout was really admirable, and, in the more intense portions of the play, exhibited a power and energy that would have done credit to the greatest artist. No less beautiful and truthful was her pathos, which really drew tears from every one in the house. A more thoroughly legitimate performance I have not witnessed for many days. Mrs. Ponisi and Mr. Davis were called for at the end, and were received with boisterous acclamations.—(From a Correspondent.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MENDELSSOHN.—Two performances upon a grand scale are announced to take place in the Town Hall, Birmingham, in Easter week, for the purpose of erecting a testimonial to the eminent composer, Mendelssohn, in this town. Caradori, Miss Dolby, Miss Williams, Machin, Locket, and Phillips, are announced among the vocalists, and the oratorio of *Elijah* and the *First Walpurgis Night* are to be performed entire.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *St. Paul*, is to be performed at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday next, the 15th instant.

Mr. REEVES is engaged by Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley has to thank Maestro Jullien for the discovery of this long hidden treasure.

M. JULLIEN departed yesterday for Bristol, where the first concert of his tour, with Mr. Reeves and Miss Miran, will be given.

MOULIQUE, the celebrated violinist, arrived in London, on Tuesday. M. Rousselot has engaged him to lead some of the performances at the Beethoven Quartet Concerts.

Mr. **BLAGROVE**.—This deservedly eminent English violinist has been appointed leader at Her Majesty's Concerts of Ancient Music. Mr. Blagrove is also engaged to alternate the post of principal violin, at the Norwich Festival, with Mr. Willy—Mr. Benedict, the conductor, having engaged him for that purpose. At the Philharmonic, where Mr. Blagrove continues to hold his old post, near M. Sainton, he will play the solo in Spohr's new symphony, when that work is given at the concerts.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The rehearsal of the first concert takes place this morning. The symphonies are by Hesse and Mendelssohn; the concertos (piano and violin) by Beethoven and Mendelssohn; the overtures by Weber and Beethoven. We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that the Philharmonic directors did not compose their first programme exclusively of the works of Mendelssohn.

CERRITO's grandfather has just died at Naples, aged 102.

ALBONI.—We hear it, on good authority, that Alboni was sadly afflicted with the tooth-ache on Thursday night. By this time, we trust, the tooth has been extracted; there is chloroform always at hand, and Albert Smith is an excellent dentist.

VERDI's opera of *Attila* will be produced on Tuesday, at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the first time in this country. It would seem that Verdi is the only Italian composer now living.

STRAND THEATRE.—The late operatic company of the Surrey Theatre are about to appear at the Strand. They will open with the *Daughter of the Regiment*, Miss Poole, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. W. King sustaining the principal parts.

MISS MIRAN, it is stated, after her tour with Jullien, will go to Paris, and take lessons of Garcia. Such a voice is worthy all cultivation. Garcia may count upon turning out another celebrity.

UN-ENGLISH CONDUCT AT MILAN.—"Letters from Vienna" says the *Morning Post*, state that so great was the hatred at Milan of any thing German, that the people rose and left the Scala Theatre as soon as Fanny Elssler made her first bound on the stage, although she had hitherto been adored there." We sympathise with the Milanese in their intolerance of foreign domination; but cannot say we admire the manifestation of it above recorded. The tyranny of Austria, one would think, is a petticoat-government and Fanny Elssler its representative, considering the animosity which they displayed towards her. After this demonstration against German capers, we suppose they will next vent their fury on German sausages. No *pas* executed by Fanny Elssler has consisted in trampling on the necks of the people of Milan; her bounds have never exceeded those of their constitution; nor has she ever polked upon their rights, or pirouetted over their liberties. She has not enslaved the Milanese; and if, like many other continental townsfolk, they have harnessed themselves to the chariot of the *danseuse*, it has been their voluntary act. Let them express their patriotic indignation like men—which they certainly have not done by outpouring it in an insult to a lady.—*Punch*.

MADAME PLEYEL gave a concert, on Tuesday last, in Paris, at the "Salle Herz," for the benefit of those who were wounded during the late *emeutes*. M. Louis Blanc, one of the Provisional Government, was present. We expect an account of this concert from our correspondent, Henry Panofka; Fiorentino is too busy, speculating on the forthcoming revolution of Lombardy.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The general meeting to choose a new conductor has not yet been called. When it is called it is to be hoped that the members will consider the subject gravely, and not fall out of the frying-pan into the fire.

VINCENT WALLACE has concluded two acts of a new opera, called "Lorely" (Mendelssohn's subject), and is engaged by Addison and Hodson to compose another. At what theatre will he bring them out?

THE ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE, in Paris, has been re-christened the "Theatre de la Nation." May its deeds verify its name.

THE THEATRE FRANCAIS, in Paris, has changed its name to the *Theatre de la Republique*. All this wordy patriotism and popularising phraseology is simple fustian—*blarney* in Irish, *blague* in French, *humbug* in English.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Maddox is about essaying another American actress, Mrs. Barrett. We trust she may differ as much as convenient from Mrs. Mowatt, her immediate predecessor.

THE VAUDEVILLE, the most Parisian of the Paris theatres, will shortly be extinct; Adolphe Adam will occupy it with his *Opera National* and *Gastibelza*, and the horses will once more be exhibited in the *Boulevard du Temple*. From *Cirque* to Opera, and from Opera to *Cirque*, in less than four months!

MISS DOLBY.—It is not true that this popular vocalist is coming out upon the operatic stage. No such good luck is in store for our composers.

MR. SURMAN, ex-conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society, has set on foot a new society upon the same principle, under the name of the "London Sacred Harmonic Society." Mr. Surman is not to be beaten.

SIVORI is expected in England this season. Rousselot has secured him for the Beethoven Quartet Society. Rousselot has done wisely.

AUBER and MEYERBEER are both coming to London in the course of the present season, the one to hear "Haydè," the other to hear the "Huguenots." There will be a good opportunity for both of them to hear "I Masnadieri."

MR. G. A. MACFARREN has, we understand, completed a new comic opera. When are we to have a "Theatre de la Nation," an "Opera Comique," an "Opera National,"—one or all?

MR. H. PHILLIPS and MR. LAND have announced a new entertainment, called "Songs of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which, from the contents of the advertisement, and the known talents of the advertisers, promises to be one of a highly interesting nature. It is already secured at the principal suburban and metropolitan institutions.

ROSSINI is at Bologna. We have not heard in what manner his appetite has been affected by the news of the Paris revolution, nor by the threatened convulsions in Italy. We doubt if he concerns himself greatly about either.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.—This admirable musician has been mentioned by some of our cotemporaries, as likely to succeed Mr. Surman in the post of conductor, at the Sacred Harmonic Society.

MR. EDWARD LODER has completed his opera of "Pizarro." The book is by Rosenberg. The subject is a serious one. When are we to hear it, and where?

JENNY LIND is still at Stockholm, enjoying her "ease with dignity."—She is expected in London on the 17th of April, sooner or latter. The sooner the better.

MR. LUCAS has announced the renewal of his quartet meetings in Berners Street. These are followed by the most distinguished of the London "dilettanti," who show their taste, by patronising so conscientious and able a musician.

THE FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.—During the revolution, as the late "emeute" is politely styled, the "feuilletonistes" suspended their vocations. Last Monday, however, the "Journal des Debats" and the "Presse" resumed their "feuilletons," but neither Jules Janin nor Théophile Gautier touched upon politics. It was tender ground.

MENDELSSOHN'S second symphony, in A major, will be the most interesting feature of the first Philharmonic concert on Monday. This work, having been composed expressly for the Society, is rarely heard. Its novelty, therefore, added to the celebrity of its composer's name, will attract many of the "dilettanti."

HAYMARKET.—A new comedy is in rehearsal at this theatre. Mr. Webster, we understand, has engaged Mr. Brooke for a short period.

MILLE ABBADIA.—Great expectations are entertained of the talent of this vocalist, announced among Mr. Lamley's "stars" for the present season.

CARLOTTA GRISI is expected on the 18th of May, rather later than usual.—Better late than never.

MADAME PLEYEL and Liszt are both, if we are to credit report, going to visit London during the present season. Liszt is at Weimar; Madame Pleyel in Paris.

THE DRAMATIC REVIEW and MR. LODER.—In a number of the "Dramatic and Musical Review," over which we lately stumbled, the writer of a leading article put forth a short defence of Mr. Loder, apropos of some strictures ventured by a morning cotemporary in the performance of the operetta of "The Young Guard." But if we read the strictures rightly, the imputation of inefficiency was directed not to the "conductor," but to the "leader" of the band. It behoves Mr. Loder, therefore, in pure gratitude, to write an article in defence of Mr. Eames. Our columns are open.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. HIME is right—the song is not *Dibdin's*.

SPURIOUS.—We do not pretend to be arbitrators in theatrical matters: but should not mind backing our own opinion of MACREADY against that of the very weekly journal in question, for a thousand pounds,—if any one would lend us the money.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE

is acknowledged as the best specific, after three year's trial, for improving the Voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to Clergy-men, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, and all Persons subject to relaxed throats. See the following extract from "The Dramatic and Musical Review, January th, 1847.

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Mr. H. PHILLIPS and Mr. LAND

WILL GIVE AN ENTERTAINMENT ON THE

Songs of England, Scotland, and Ireland,

On Monday Evening, March 13th, at RICHMOND, SURREY; on the 16th, at GRAVESEND; 16th and 25th, SUSSEX HALL, LEADENHALL STREET; 27th, WESTMINSTER INSTITUTION; 28th, ALBION HALL, HAMMER-SMITH; at the THEATRE, GLOUCESTER, April 1st and 3rd, and at HEREFORD, 4th.

MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT

Has the honour to announce that his next performance of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH the 28th; to commence at half-past Eight o'clock, when he will perform Selections from the Works of various esteemed Composers, and will be assisted by eminent vocal and instrumental talent. SUBSCRIBERS' TICKETS, ONE GUINEA each, SINGLE TICKETS, to admit to any one CONCERT, HALF-A-GUINEA each.

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"To Professor Holloway." (Signed, "CHARLES WILSON.")
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I remain, your's, &c.

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I am, Sir, your's respectfully,
JAMES MARTIN.

THOMAS KEATING, Esq.



Her Majesty's Theatre.

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Foresto, Sig. **GARDONI.**

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